



## The Third Garden

*A garden enclosed Is my sister, my spouse, A spring shut up, A fountain sealed.  
Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates With pleasant fruits,  
Fragrant henna with spikenard, Spikenard and saffron, Calamus and cinnamon,  
With all trees of frankincense, Myrrh and aloes, With all the chief spices--  
A fountain of gardens, A well of living waters, And streams from Lebanon.*

*Awake, O north wind, And come, O south!  
Blow upon my garden, That its spices may flow out.*  
Song of Solomon 4:12-16

God made Adam in His image,  
Gave Him everything that's nice,  
With a suitable companion  
For their Garden paradise;  
But they chose to disobey Him,  
When they thought His back was turned,  
So He sent them out of Eden  
To the sweat their sin had earned.

Christ descended in God's image,  
To this world of guilt and fears;  
Lived a life of pure devotion,  
Spilling sympathetic tears;  
Then He knelt there in the Garden,  
Sweating anguish as He wept,  
Choosing to obey His Father,  
While His earthly comrades slept.

Now my soul's become the garden  
Where the voice of God is heard;  
And I strive to be submissive  
To the precepts of His Word.  
May the winds of opposition  
Spread the fragrance on the breeze,  
Of a life of sweet communion  
Offered up from yielded knees.

*Bud Morris*

8/24/03

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